

o. 8865 號五十六百六千八第 日二十二月八年一十緒光 HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1885. 三拜禮 號十三月九英香 [PRICE \$2½ PER MTH]

INTIMATIONS.

ARNHOLD, KARBERG & Co.
Hongkong, January, 1867.

EXTRACT.

MY OLD HOME.

It stands upon a sandy slope,
And from the bushy hillside
Where glossy vines have ample scope
The wistful look to fill
With a sad smile and a sigh,
In search of golden treasure;
And lying in the silent place,
The heart finds quiet pleasure.

The trees are tall and old,
Upon me the baby sits
And looks up at the old tree;
The tender limbs are still,
And gentle in my arms;
The apple blossoms are falling
In odors on the laughing life,
To make the heart more true.

The memory of the old days,
The trees that were so dear,
The happy days of childhood,
The days that were so dear,
The days that were so dear,
The days that were so dear,
The days that were so dear,
The days that were so dear.

QUEER STORY.

"THEY'RE OFF!"

(Continued.)

At nine o'clock the next morning

an elegant mail phaeton, drawn by a pair of

good-looking chestnuts, stood at the hotel

door.

"You thoroughly understand, Dot,"

whispered Mat, as he helped his wife up into

the box-seat beside Goodchap, who held the

reins; and Dot replied with a nod. Mr.

Mainton had come prepared to be watchful

and suspicious, but under the charming

influence of the rapid drive, and the still

more rapid flow of Mr. Buchanan's humo-

rous conversation, he gradually melted into

amiability and good spirits.

Mr. Goodchap found his companion in-

clined to melancholy, but he exerted himself

to his utmost to rouse her, and so successful

was he, that when they arrived at the house,

Dot was quite animated and cheerful.

Mat immediately went off to the ring

leaving the others in the phaeton. When

he returned, after the first race, his face was

flushed and excited, and he appeared to have

been drinking.

"Hang my luck," he said, on coming up to

the carriage, "two hundred gone already!"

"Oh, Mat, please don't say any more,"

pleaded Dot; "you know you never win."

"Hold your tongue," he answered rough-

ly, "and don't interfere; I shall do as I like;

and it's no use of me or nothing with me to-

day." And he again left them.

Dot looked black-hearted, and Goodchap

was bursting with sympathy; but as Mr.

Goodchap was with them, he was forced to be

silent, and to control his feelings.

And so the comedy went on. Each time

Mat returned to his party his face was redder

and his looks were wilder. He appeared

like a man rushing madly to ruin. Just

before the time came for the horses to be

saddled for the Derby, Mat again left the

party for the betting-ring.

"You must be following him," implored

Dot, "I'm sure he'll come to some harm; try

to persuade him not to bet to drink."

The solicitor, who began to feel quite sorry

for poor little Mrs. Buchanan, readily com-

plied with her request, and Dot and Good-

chap were accordingly left alone.

The former immediately began to cry,

although she tried to stifle her tears from her

companion. Goodchap, however, saw her

distress, and was almost distracted.

"Don't give way, I beg, Mrs. Buchanan,"

he said, half-crying himself; "it makes me

misery to see you so unhappy. Is there no

way I can help you?"

"No one can help me, alas!" said Dot, in

a choked voice. "I am doomed to misery.

But you will, I know, sympathize with me

when I tell you all, as I feel impelled to do.

Mr. Goodchap, my husband, never loved me,

and I never loved him. My parents forced

me to marry him, and my life has been a

burden to me ever since. He has been going

on as he has to-day from the time we were

married, with the result that he has almost

exhausted our fortune. I believe that to-day

he will be the owner of a few shillings, and

nothing but the alms of a few charitable

people to support him. I have known

nothing but misery with him in affluence;

how much more dreadful will it be when we

are in absolute want! My death alone will

relieve me, and him; for he has often said

that he hates me and longs to get rid of me."

Mr. Goodchap was agitated by a number

of conflicting emotions which he was not

able to define. He understood, however, that

she was also a woman of noble and generous

and unselfish intentions, and for this reason

he was not able to resist the temptation of

trying to help her.

"You may trust me," he declared, fervently,

turning the pale, he looked up the chas-

mus as if the cries applied to the occupants

of the phaeton.

"I tell you they're gone!" cried Mat

violently. "That villain of a friend of yours

has run away with my wife. I distrust

him from the first, with all his innocent

looks. He's an utter scoundrel, and if I only

got the chance I'll shoot him."

"Hush, for heaven's sake, man!" remon-

strated Mr. Mainton, seeing that a crowd

was gathering. "Don't make a scene. It

may be all a mistake. Mrs. Buchanan may

have left ill, and Goodchap perhaps has

driven her off to see a doctor. Let us return

to town at once, and depend upon it all will

be explained."

Mat accordingly suffered himself to be led

to a cab, the driver of which, for the modest

fare of three guineas, undertook to drive

them to London with all speed.

During the drive, Mr. Mainton, fearful for

his friend's safety, succeeded, after great

trouble, in dissuading Mat from his sangui-

ne intentions, should the case prove as

black as it looked. But Mat then took

another course. He declared that he would

sue his lawyer at once.

Mr. Mainton became more alarmed for his

friend than ever. He knew that there was

nothing which Goodchap would regard with

such horror as a scandal and exposure of

this kind, and he determined to use all his

exertions to avert so undesirable an event.

On reaching town, the infuriated husband

drove with his companion, first to the hotel,

but neither Dot nor Goodchap had been

there. Then they hurried to the stables,

and learned that the phaeton had been re-

turned about two hours since by Mr. Good-

chap, who was at the time alone.

"They must have gone to some other hotel

for the present," said Mat. "We will drive

round until we find them."

So they took a fresh cab, and went first

to the Langham, then to the Westminster

Palace, and then to the Grand, but without

success. Mat appeared to be baffled and

very angry.

"Perhaps they have gone to some less

known hotel. We will try all those small

private houses off the Strand."

"They did go, and to Mat's delight and Mr.

Mainton's horror, they at last traced the

couple to a small hotel in that neighborhood.

Mr. Mainton tried to induce his companion

to let him see Mr. Goodchap alone; but

while they were discussing the matter Good-

chap, looking somewhat pale and anxious,

entered the coffee-room.

Mr. Mainton stepped quickly forward.

"Now, go, come," he said, "let there be

no violence—scandal. It would surely be

unwise to draw the world's attention to this

unpleasant affair."

"Would that I could call the sound of

my friend's name!" said Mat, and then, turning

to Goodchap, he said, "Where is my wife?"

"She," answered Goodchap, steadily, "is

flushing most painfully, 'your wife is here; and

I am going to send her to stay with a

relative of mine. I assisted her to leave you

because I saw the continual misery you

caused her, and because I was assured that

there had never been any affection between

you and her, and that her marriage was forced on

her. I have done wrong, but my motives

were in no way unworthy; still, I don't wish

to defend my conduct, and am prepared to

meet you as you wish."

"Then you will meet me in court!" said

Mr. Buchanan. "You shall have an op-

portunity of explaining your worthy motives

to a judge and jury, and I wish you joy of

the success you will find in doing so."

This announcement caused Goodchap to

start; and he was about to reply, when Mr.

Mainton interposed.

"Cannot this matter be arranged some

other way?" he suggested, anxiously. "An

appeal to the law would entail endless pain

to all concerned, and no one would obtain

satisfaction. Do consider, Mr. Buchanan,

"I can see no other course," said Mat. "I

must have satisfaction. My name, honour,

and peace of mind are ruined. Added to

that, my wife would in a few months have

been enticed to two thousand pounds, which

will now be lost."

On hearing this Mr. Mainton's eyes

glazed, and he at once drew Goodchap

aside, and in a few minutes a whispered

conversation with him, then, turning to

Mr. Buchanan, he said:

"THEY'RE OFF!"

(Continued.)

Mr. Buchanan, he said:

"I will give you the amount you name

to let the matter drop."

"That is liberal, indeed, of you, seeing

that a jury would give me ten thousand,"

answered Mat, after some hesitation. "To

avoid publicity, however, I will take three

thousand pounds, but understand, I'll

handle no cheque with that man's signature.

I would not sully my hands with it. The

money must be paid to me in notes by you

here in his presence."

"I can arrange that," said Mainton. "I

will get the money, and return with it in

half-an-hour."

Mat and Goodchap sat without exchang-

ing a word until Mr. Mainton returned.

Then Mat, having carefully counted the

money, and placed it in his pocket, raised

his hat and said, addressing Goodchap,

"I sincerely trust that you may never

cross my path again," and with a stately

bow to Mr. Mainton he departed.

When they were alone, Mainton began to

upbraid and censure his friend in no

measured terms; but after listening in silence

for a few minutes, Goodchap left the room.

Presently he returned, tottering like a

drunken man, his face being of an ashen hue.

"Good heavens! what's wrong now?"

asked Mr. Mainton.

"Gone," gasped Goodchap, sinking into

a chair, and burying his face in his hands.

"A few hours later, Dot and Mat sat alone

in a first-class carriage of the night mail

to Dover, eating sandwiches and enjoying

themselves generally.

"You see, my dear, I was right," said

Mat; "the solicitor who knew a little proved

a dangerous friend for Goodchap who knew

nothing but the alms of a few charitable

people to support him. I have known

nothing but misery with him in affluence;

how much more dreadful will it be when we

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